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THE NEW DON JUAN

THE
INTRODUCTION.

By GERALD NOEL BYRON. * 13

AND
THE LAST CANTO
OF
THE ORIGINAL DON JUAN

FROM THE PAPERS OF THE

COUNTESS GUICCIOLLI.

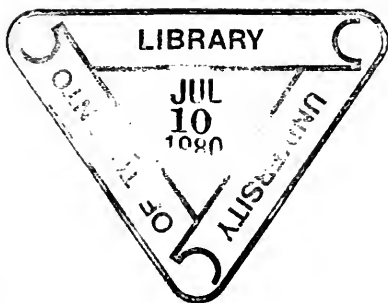
BY GEORGE LORD BYRON.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

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THE NEW DON JUAN.



INTRODUCTION.

I.

EACH day brings some new marvel to the gaze,
Of wand'ring mortals on whose stricken sight,
They come so rapid as to scarce amaze,
And bring at best a sort of pained delight ;
There's acrobats and concerts in the days,
And dancing rope performers every night.
While every district holds its own impostor,
As Spurgeon, Swedenborg, and Slade and Foster.

II.

Yet England has some noble institutions,
Our prisons, hospitals, and volunteers,
And several others kept by contributions,
To cure our sickness or to calm our fears ;
And various yearly pageants and delusions,
At which " John Bull," *en masse*, in state appears.
Then we have a noble peerage, *vide* " Burke,"
And several millions starving—out of work.

III.

The age of civilisation keeps apace,
 And still we make machines and fatten beasts,
 While glorious England's foremost in the race
 Of splendour, pomp, and gorgeous civic feasts
 Of philanthropy, too, there is a trace,
 As witness cash a "Peabody" bequeathes.
 The sum is large—to those who may regret it,
 I hope that they for whom 'tis meant may get it.

IV.

A glorious world, and oh! most wondrous city,
 I mean the entire globe, where Mammon rules;
 The very demons dark must weep in pity,
 To see the mad career of puny fools.
 Who, wrapt in their own fancied power mighty,
 Heed not the darkening page stern time unrolls.
 But still keep on the stained and widening track,
 Adding fresh blots unto the record black.

V.

Carnage and blood, foul lust and awful famine,
 Plunder and prostitution still increasing;
 And other crimes for which they have no name in,
 The blackest book of hell—and never ceasing.
 And yet for "progress" men still put their claim in,
 And dare for all they do to urge a reason.
 Well may it on their heads as lightly fall,
 When they are summoned up to pay for all.

VI.

Ah, statesmen mighty, ye whose subtle brain
 Can shake an empire, or bring seas of blood.
 When death is at your heart where is your gain?
 Where then the power that hath the earth withstood ?
 Will the white angel one short hour refrain,
 Or can you prate to him of "lasting good."
 No, for this end's for all, this hope you've got,
 A certain death, a grave, and then to rot.

VII.

An age this is of men and things sensational,
 Dramatic preachers and most thrilling actors,
 A building that was termed "the international,"
 And sundry intellectual malefactors ;
 And marvels strange are by no means occasional,
 Great men still live in spite of small detractors,
 And now we have for crime a sort of hothouse,
 We starve our paupers while we feast garrotters.

VIII.

"Vengeance is Mine," at least, so saith the Lord ;
 And if that be the case. where is the need ?
 For mortals thus to strive with fire and sword,
 And cause so many fellow men to bleed ;
 Perhaps they may mistake the holy word,
 And think that savage slaughter was decreed ;
 Or it may be done for a nation's good,
 Or, perhaps, the demons have run short of food.

IX.

We have "the Lash" to add to England's pride,
 And scourge the men who keep her state and glory
 Perhaps they are braver for a branded side,
 Or fight the harder if their backs are gory.
 The brutal reason oft to solve we tried,
 And wondered how 'twould read in future story;
 Still we raise monuments unto our braves,
 And swear that "Britons never shall be slaves."

X.

The entire tide of life's a sickening mask,
 A covered mockery, a hideous sneer,
 A wearying dream, a miserable task
 That drags our lingering time too slowly near
 Life's loathesome end—then we the purpose ask
 For which we are born, and why created *here*—
 To live thus in protracted, wandering doubt?
 "I would to heaven they had left me out."

XI.

But being here I don't yet wish to go;
 Life's not worth much, but let me have my share
 Of earthly pleasure and of earthly woe,
 Of love, of wealth, of sorrow and despair,
 Of all the changes that the soul must know,
 Until we know not of the change or care.
 Yet even that idea may be unreal,
 I wonder if the dead *do* think or feel.

XII.

Perhaps they do—it may be so or not—

At present with the living we will deal,
The consolation is that each has got

The time to come when nature will reveal
The after-life that heaven may allot,

When the last trump shall break the mystic seal;
And till that time let us our wondering save,
And take the pleasures that the earth may have.

XIII.

Here let me change my tune, and for the present
See what is being done *towards* the Ganges.

Let's watch the signals of the cross and crescent,
And see how singularly time brings changes.

Bring here that prophecy of Dante's—never pleasant,
Yet who shall say its substance more than strange is,
When we who boast Christian civilisation,
Still help the Turks—a lazy, bankrupt nation?

XIV.

Oh, patriotic Odger, Gog and Magog,
Which of the three can boast the hardest nob;
Nay, I respect you, a genuine demagogue,
Who'd run for Parliament, or lose a Bob.
And for your own opinion share in a slog,
And scorn to do a diplomatic job.

Should you get in within five years or twenty,
You will find worse snobs than you are there in plenty.

XV.

The representatives of law and beer,
 A Quaker, an apostate, titled Jew,
 To keep the taxes up and make things dear ;
 The brew of brewers, and this, sometime Hebrew,
 Have brought the people perilously near
 A state of things that should be changed for new..
 Drink helps to keep the lawyers, *vide* Old Bailey,
 Why should I think just here of B. Disraeli ?

XVI.

I have it ! 'twas the Brew-Hebrew and brewer.
 So comes the renegade, who thought it duty,
 Not being prepared to find a creed much newer,
 To show Lord Bute a dying old one's beauty.
 In those things I am not a connoisseur,
 Yet I am glad he lost the one recruit he
 Tried hard to win with literary honey,
 Lothair sold, but the State Church lost the money.

XVII.

Most curious of his father's curiosities,
 No blush can tinge the dull green of his cheek ;
 At home, in diplomatic reciprocities,
 But adder-deaf when England's people speak,
 Sneering like sin at those most damned atrocities,
 This champion of the strong foe to the weak.
 The power is gone, thank God, he used to wield,
 The " Beacon's " light is dead, barren the field..

XVIII.

High bred or hybrid of an ancient race,
 True to the traditions of Galilee,
 Statesman and trickster-keeper of his place,
 No matter what has been, or what may be,
 He brought the country to its deep disgrace,
 Until its voice spoke like a mighty sea.
 He prates of policy while Christians bleed,
 England's ally—England's a lie, indeed.

XIX.

He helped those black and bloody infidels;
 For their sake 'twas he bought the Suez sewer,
 He tried to still the Turk's doom-sounding knell,
 With money sweated from the hard-worked poor.
 What matters that their dream of Heaven's a hell—
 Of limitless lust—their common habits less pure?
 Thus those that brought in the Almighty's sorrow,
 A rain of fire on Sodom and Gomorrah.

XX.

Shall other Empires fall and Britain stand,
 For ever and for aye, is it to be?
 Well that depends, let's see how fares the land;
 Whom have we now to guard our shore and sea?
 No doubt we have more than plenty in command,
 Though with the country they don't quite agree.
 It seems somehow a little too impartial,
 To see two Royal princes each a marshal.

XXI.

Their equal merit is not to be denied ;
 The people may deplore their equal pay ;
 Wait till the battle comes, and then decide.
 Whether they are fitted best for work or play.
 Like their war chargers they're as yet untried,
 And long may they remain so, let us pray.
 Oh ! shades of Marlborough and Wellington,
 Is not this Royal fooling sorry fun ?

XXII.

Far in the eastern darkness looms a cloud,
 And in the park I hear a martial neighing ;
 Cambridge or Albert, whose horse was most loud,
 Or was it but a strong and lengthened braying ?
 Laugh, while the swarthy Moslem weaves your shroud,
 Hold revel, let Old England be decaying.
 We've still our hearts of oak—thank God we've got 'em ;
 Our ships are safe, too—at the ocean's bottom.

XXIII.

Where is the " Captain," where the " Vanguard " now ?
 The " Thunderer," the " Opal," and the " Rover ?"
 We test one ironclad with another's prow,
 And wonder much when one of them goes over.
 No matter whether sailing fast or slow,
 The aim and end seem merely to discover
 Which commander, when placed in high commission,
 Can manage with least trouble a collision.

XXIV.

For seamanship Prince Leiningen—tut, bah !
 The sickening list is endless ; for the rest,
 There is not one of them can make or mar,
 When our proud people wake to what is best.
 Give him his pension, let him wear his star,
 Who can contest the claims of the D'Este ?
 When loyally safe on Solent or Pacific,
 They are almost as reckless as prolific.

XXV.

Great George ! Great Cæsar ! chief of the British Army—
 A grade won by hard service in the field ;
 We have abolished purchase—eh, *cher ami* ?
 And therefore you of right the *baton* wield.
 From several colonelcies this don't disarm ye ;
 They're honorary, of course, yet 'tis revealed,
 Or whispered as a discontented query,
 Do honorariums go with the honorary ?

XXVI.

Well, well, some men are born to greatness, and yet some
 Achieve it, much to their delighted wonder.
 Had it been a mere merchant seaman scum
 Who ran a yacht down, 'stead of a princely blunder,
 The verdict would have been " Lying in rum."
 But this was Leiningen, so Courtly thunder—
 To drop the matter gently out of hand—
 Censured the *sailor* second in command.

XXVII.

We have sent to the East a gallant horseman ;
 Our fleet was anchored in Besika Bay—
 Not quite the fleet that beat the hardy Norsemen ;
 They were bersekers of another day.
 I scarcely think this Baker is a loss, man ;
 The Oriental's much more in his way ;
 He can have what he likes, Jupiter Tonans !
 Even to a Turkey, stuffed with Serbs and on-i-ons.

XXVIII.

For the Eastern Question there is one solution—
 It may seem curious, and yet 'tis clear—
 If we'd avoid our country's dissolution,
 We must make of Turkey simply a black smear,
 In the fact, or on the map, or else I'll swear
 The answer will be neither here nor there ;
 And having quietly administered this crusher,
 The next thing to be done is civilize Russia.

XXIX.

Let us be serious, please ; these things are trifles.
 We have still our Hospitals and Volunteers,
 Our Royal Marshals and our loyal Rifles,
 Brewers, distillers, lawyers, M.P.'s, and Peers.
 Shall these men govern ? Indignation stifles,
 For here the shade of Palmerston appears.
 And I will say no more, nor do I want to,
 For here begins Don Juan's last—last canto.

THE LOST AND LAST CANTO.

LEFT AMONGST THE PAPERS OF THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLLI, AND
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.



I.

THE cowl had fallen backward from her head,
The robe clung gracefully around her form,
Her velvet cheeks glowed richly, deeply red,
Her liquid eyes were flashing soft and warm,
And some low words she softly murmured,
And he, having now forgot his first alarm,
Began at once to gratefully express
His sorrow at being there in his undress.

II.

A dangerous woman, at a dangerous stage—
Plump, soft, and tall, a trifle under forty—
Could talk philosophy like any sage,
And look so sweetly, innocently naughty.
Her placid temper never showed her rage,
And Juan was quite willing to be taught—he
Saw she was beautiful, past all believing,
Beyond conception—not beyond conceiving.

III.

St. Anthony was worried by the devils,
 And many a man is ruined by his leman.
 I know if I'd the choice of these two evils,
 I should, like Juan, choose, I think, the women.
 A life of love and wine, and maddening revels,
 As dear to man as is the sea to seamen.
 For if we *must* dance in the place below,
 Let's do our share of fun before we go.

IV.

Meanwhile her Grace and Juan spoke as though
 They neither knew exactly what to say.
 Her Grace seemed not as though she wished to go,
 And Juan's thoughts had wandered that same way ;
 Their words came thick in broken murmurs low,
 'Tis strange what passions shake our mortal clay.
 Then Juan, unresisted, quenched the light,
 And then, and then, and then, and then good night.

V.

Passion and superstition, those strange twins
 That come with night and disappear with dawn ;
 I think the moon should answer for our sins,
 We never think of them till she is gone—
 Ah ! that is when our suffering begins,
 When men are sad, and maidens all forlorn.
 But Juan was a most inveterate sinner,
 And his remorse had vanished before dinner.

VI.

We read—I think it's in the book of Moses—
 Of how a certain fair Egyptian dame
 Conceives a passion for a man who shows his
 Provoking virtue, though the story's lame,
 As though a man could calm the natural throes his
 Breast would feel ! You wouldn't be so to blame
 As Joseph was with lady fair ; I wot if her
 Case were with you like his with Mrs. Potiphar.

VII.

'Twas strange, but since the events I've told occurred,
 The ghost was neither seen, nor heard, nor felt,
 At least as far as went the general word ;
 Though how her Grace with her *cher ami* dealt
 As yet will not be told, nor yet be heard ;
 Enough to say they both in Melrose dwelt,
 The friar's grey-robed ghost in peace was laid,
 To Juan's satisfaction, be it said.

VIII.

Missing.

IX.

I don't see why their love should interest her,
 Unless it was she feared the duchess might
 Of some of her own fair influence divest her,
 Which Lady Caroline did not think was right.
 She felt a sort of warm protective zest; her
 Woman's heart had set it in that light
 For Juan's welfare, and she did not wish
 To see too many fingers in the dish.

X.

And each new day but made the interest warmer,
 But Juan noticed not her studied kindness,
 And his abstracted ways 'gan to alarm her;
 She sought in vain the motive for his blindness.
 Each day her friendship's warmth increased its clamour,
 As each new day saw him for mirth inclined less;
 Her warm attention served but to confuse him,
 And all her arts failed even to amuse him.

XI.

The truth was Juan's heart and mind were lost
 Deep in the soft blue eyes of fair Aurora,
 And this was bad, but this was not the worst;
 She did not seem to dream his passion for her,
 But kept her way, all heedless of the cost,
 Not caring who might hate or who adore her.
 Perhaps in her heart there lurked—but never mind,
 There's more to come, for more remains behind.

XII.

A woman's love is strange and soft ; I've tried
 To pierce the mystic veil which doth conceal
 The fire the pale cold face doth often hide,
 Or burns beneath the calm, blue eye of steel ;
 their own breasts have

Missing.

XIII.

Missing.

XIV.

Whether Aurora loved him I don't know,
 At least as yet, therefore I cannot tell,
 I have my own ideas, but time will show
 The truth to me and unto you as well,
 But for the present we must onward go,
 And see the next misfortune which befell
 Our hero and a certain lovely dame.
 Though I regret that I must breathe her name.

XV.

Don Juan sank still deeper in his lassitude,
 Much to the Lady Caroline's grieved surprise,
 Who still increased her more than kind solicitude :
 I really wish that she had been more wise.
 She had no wish—well, so she said—to intrude,
 And here she blushed, and then cast down her eyes ;
 But if 'twas ought that she could say or do,
 She'd do her best, that is, if she but knew.

XVI.

Here Juan looked so sad, she took his hand
 In both her own soft palms, and pressed it close,
 And asked the cause that made him so despond ;
 She here suppressed her bosom's gentle throes,
 And gave a glance half anxious and half fond,
 So Juan thought at last he'd tell his woes.
 He sighed so deep and said love was to blame,
 But he forgot to speak the lady's name.

XVII.

He said he feared his case was hopeless quite,
 The lady was so beautiful and proud,
 And though he had found favour in her sight,
 He had not dared—and here he groaned aloud—
 To tell his love, for fear it was not right,
 Although unto her ladyship he vowed
 He worshipped, nay, adored her more than life,
 And would give much could she have been his wife

XVIII.

Poor lady Caroline, though almost a prude,
 herself had loved the stranger,

Missing.

XIX.

Missing.

XX.

Her pretty head was resting on his shoulder,
 Her heart against his breast was beating high,
 Her lips were bold, perhaps his eyes were bolder,
 And each gave kiss for kiss and sigh for sigh ;
 These long love draughts don't make a man feel colder,
 When warmth is unproved and no one's nigh.
 Life was a dream, a chaos loved and blest—
 We'll draw the veil of darkness o'er the rest.

XXI.

'Tis strange that men should lose all self-control,
 When once desire hath seized upon the sense,
 And makes them risk position, life, and soul
 For love's wild, brief, ecstatic recompense;
 'Tis strange, but true, for man is but a coal
 Which woman lights, though at her own expense—
 That is, unless she's at the altar sold;
 Then lust is legal, love is uncontrolled.

XXII.

A bond, we know, of course is indispensable,
 But that bond need not be a solemn farce.
 I have no doubt my thoughts are indefensible,
 But love is not the love that once it was,
 And—though the reason may seem reprehensible—
 The change is due to those unholy laws
 Which bind two lives for better or for worse,
 And thus turn love into a weary curse.

XXIII.

The bond of wedlock seems to me to break
 That tender, soft devotion which we feel
 For woman, when we love for love's own sake,
 And our heart's depth enshrines the pure ideal,
 And the light barque floats o'er a fairy lake
 Of depthless beauty, calm, yet not unreal.
 Then life is full of joy, of love, of light,
 Serene and holy as an eastern night.

XXIV.

But

to break that soul

Missing.

XXV.

Missing.

In which they do perform as they engage,
Only 'tis sometimes on a different stage.

XXVI.

Too much familiarity breeds satiety,
And leaves no play for the imagination,
And then they seek for freshness in variety—
Some people term it vice and dissipation ;
And so with wine and women doth run riot he,
While she is lost in virtuous indignation.
A love or two is then her next resource,
And he a mistress gets, and a divorce.

XXVII.

So goes the tale from witness to reporters,
 And thence unto the *Times* and *Morning Post* ;
 And then 'tis read by wives and virgin daughters—
 They like to read these cases and the cost—
 And then 'tis canvassed o'er in fashion's quarters,
 And not one word or incident is lost
 By Eve's fair daughters' morbid curiosity,
 Which seems to me a sort of mild ferocity.

XXVIII.

But to return once more unto my tale :
 I didn't intend to preach so long a sermon,
 But if on that stream I once set my sail
 I am sure to founder on the shoal of women,
 And yet 'tis not for me at them to rail,
 For man must take his share of blame with them, in
 Their sins and weakness, slips and escapades,
 For woman rarely falls till man persuades.

XXIX.

Juan was wrong the lady to betray ;
 He thought so, too, but then it was too late ;
 Besides, in truth, she had met him half-way,
 So he resigned himself unto his fate,
 Which seemed to doom him oft to go astray ;
 Not on her grief did Caroline long dilate,
 And, as she knew her sin would bring repentance,
 Thought ere it came she would deserve her sentence.

XXX.

Between the Lady Caroline and the duchess,
 Our hero found he had enough to do ;
 But as in all these things the case it such is,
 Each thought unto herself his love was true.
 'Twas delicate ground for him, as quite as much as
 With all his keen finesse he could get through.
 He felt all would be lost, past all recovery,
 Should either of the other make discovery.

XXXI.

He had that sort of reckless reputation,
 Which is to female hearts a dangerous charm,
 Expressed in half reproachful admiration,
 And blended with a sort of pleased alarm.
 Such men are sought with lingering hesitation,
 The gentlemen don't in them see any harm,
 Until a wife or sister's brought to ruin,
 And then they shoot him for the base undoing.

XXXII.

Sir Harry rather liked the son of Seville,
 For he was courteous, calm, yet unassuming ;
 He little thought Juau had played the devil
 With his own wife, or could be so presuming ;
 So he to him was courteous, too, and civil,
 Not thinking of the shadow that was looming
 Through Juan's presence on his sacred hearth.
 For had he have known it had woke sateless wrath.

XXXIII.

For, like most men who wear an outward calm,
 Wrapt in their dream of greatness or ambition,
 He never dreamed of aught to mar his arm,
 Or sully his proud rank or high position,
 Though seeming cold his heart was tender, warm,
 Yet of his love he made no exhibition.
 He trusted to his wife's descent and pride,
 His honour, and he cared for nought beside.

XXXIV.

Implicit trust in love is most delightful ;
 I like to see a man who thus confides
 His love and trust to his possession rightful,
 But wives will long for fervid love besides ;
 They pant for that until the heart is quite full
 Of passionate longing, then—then what betides
 Is what both wives and husbands much deplore,
 And marvel they'd not thought of it before.

XXXV.

Sir Henry, still confiding, unsuspecting,
 Went on the even tenour of his way,
 His home much for the ministry neglecting,
 And thus to his own virtue fell a prey.
 The season's close drew near, the guests expecting
 The court to break, began to wend their way,
 And left Sir Henry and his lady to
 The choice selection of a favoured few.

XXXVI.

Of these Juan was one, her Grace another,
 The fair Aurora Raby was the third—
 And last I think—at least there was no other,
 Whose name as visitors who stayed we heard ;
 Therefore we have no need to follow further,
 The fate of those who went, but what occurred
 To those who stayed, to each and every one
 I will impart before this canto's done.

XXXVII.

The duchess and the lady's sweet coercion,
 Our Juan's heart began at last to tire ;
 It was at best with him a mere diversion,
 Which scarcely veiled the unextinguished fire,
 Which to his heart clung like a fever tertian.
 For gentle Raby 't was a feeling higher,
 More like his love for his own love-lost Haidee
 Than what he felt for Fitzfulke, or the lady.

XXXVIII.

Yet in her conduct there was little difference,
 If aught she felt as yet 'twas unexpressed,
 He saw no slightest sign to leave an inference
 That she felt more than usual interest ;
 Perhaps it was she saw her calm indifference
 Made his attention warm increase in zest,
 Or perhaps, and here I shall end this surmising,
 It was some caprice ladies are so wise in.



XXXIX.

Whate'er it was it seemed to trouble Juan,
 For he grew pensive, sad, and melancholy,
 It seems most strange, he was by no means new in
 These love affairs, and perhaps may look like folly;
 But he this time was quite sincere and true in
 His passion pure and deep, and almost holy,
 So he almost forgot the ladies two,
 Though several hints at times they gently threw.

XL.

But he grew sad, although with love they strove
 To bring the dawn of gladness to his breast,
 Yet failed "the rooted sorrow" to remove,
 They did not know it was the heart oppress;
 Nor did they dream he pined in silent love,
 Or they, perchance, had left him little rest,
 And so they tried to find the cause, and couldn't,
 Because, the more they would the more he wouldn't.

XLI.

It must to you seem strange that Juan, who
 Had all the soldier's heart and courtier's grace,
 Could not find words to speak his passion true,
 When, with the fair Aurora face to face,
 His heart was by her beauty closely drew;
 Yet oft his words expired in a grimace,
 And all he wished to say he left unsaid,
 Yet "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

XLII.

But he, not being an angel or a fool,
 Did not rush in, and perhaps to tread he feared ;
 Her manner was so kind, and yet so cool,
 That though he wished to speak he had not dared.
 Her presence held him in a sort of thrall,
 So all his love as yet was undeclared,
 And he began to get quite thin and pale,
 And Lady Caroline to despair and wail.

XLIII.

His health and spirits got at last so bad,
 Her ladyship advised him change of air,
 She felt to part with him was very sad,
 But still a lover, always in despair,
 Don't seem to give the pleasure once he had.
 When strong in vigorous health and beauty fair,
 They for their mistress seem to lose their eyes,
 And when they wish for kisses give them sighs.

XLIV.

Aurora seemed a little touched at last
 By Juan's unexplained indisposition ;
 He rarely drank, and scarcely broke his fast,
 So that between his love and inanition,
 He looked almost a being of the past ;
 And she began to feel for his condition.
 She pitied him his illness, not his grief,
 Therefore it didn't bring his mind relief.

XLV.

So he prepared at once to start for Spain,
 Or else return unto the court of Russia.
 He did not wish to go back there again
 To be confronted by the Imperial crusher.
 Who might perhaps, have asked him to explain
 His absence, and though rash yet she was rasher,
 And though to love her heart was always willing,
 To faithless swains her love was sometimes killing.

XLVI.

She had a noble, fine, majestic form,
 And grace most splendid, but she was not young ;
 Her love was like the ocean in a storm,
 Her eyes in hate a thousand terrors sprung,
 And Juan's heart to such was never warm ;
 His fancy to the graceful slender clung—
 The form of pliant grace and latent fire,
 Instinct with clinging love and soft desire.

XLVII.

Our hero sat within his room alone,
 And pondered on the chequered life he'd passed ;
 The changes strange and various he had known
 Since he beheld his native country last.
 His mind assumed a sad and dreamy tone,
 He thought of those he'd loved and those he'd lost ;
 They came back sadly to his recollection
 In that involuntary retrospection.

XLVIII.

The dark-eyed Julia, by her love consigned,
 In youth and beauty, to the convent's cloister ;
 The memory of their love passed through his mind,
 And his large mournful eyes now swam in moisture ;
 And here the current of his thought inclined
 Him to regret that he had ever lost her.
 But then you see his spirits were cast down,
 And, as it were, his heart was not his own.

XLIX.

Then came the time when he was wrecked at sea,
 And all the lingering horrors of that hour ;
 The awful scenes now came back vividly,
 And urged their records with resistless power.
 Then came the memory of his loved Haidee,
 His cherished, gentle, fragile island-flower ;
 And here his wild deep pathos rent his breast.
 Forgotten in his grief were all the rest.

L.

His dark eye gleamed in fire as he recalled
 Old Lambro's unrelenting stern decree,
 Cast to a fate that had strong men appalled,
 A captive prisoned on the boundless sea.
 His leaves of fate seemed strangely to unfold,
 From love consigned to chains and slavery :
 Then to the harem, whence he'd gladly 'scap'd.
 And to the war his restless footsteps shap'd.

LI.

Then came the memory of the field of blood,
 Where he had fought and gained a hero's fame,
 Where he the ruthless foemen had withstood,
 The little Leilia's life to well reclaim.
 Then o'er his present fate he seemed to brood
 And pleasure, strangely blended with some shame,
 He thought of Leilia's love with pride and sorrow,
 Then of his own love for the fair Aurora.

LII.

The lovely Leilia's beauty seemed to tell
 That she could scarcely now be called a child,
 For she was graceful as a young gazelle,
 As free and daring, beauteous unbeguiled,
 A sweet and gentle oriental belle.
 Her love for Juan gushing pure and wild,
 He was her love, her faith, the only one
 Whose love she sought, and him she loved alone.

LIII.

His care for her was what we sometimes feel
 Unto some cherished, costly, fragile treasure,
 And scarcely e'en to our own hearts reveal,
 The vague and yet absorbing dreamy pleasure.
 So strangely true, 'tis almost an ideal,
 Defineless in its depth, or in its measure.
 His love was deeply locked within his breast,
 A crystal gem apart from all the rest.

LIV.

She was an orphan thrown upon his care
 And he had guarded well his tender charge ;
 His heart was fond and true, at least to her,
 Whate'er he was unto the world at large.
 The thought that they must part he could not bear,
 And felt that her wild grief he could not 'suage,
 Yet for her sake he knew it must be done
 Because she could not go with him alone.

LV.

The world is apt to put a wrong construction
 Upon those ties that have no kindred blood,
 And those pure thoughts of Plato's introduction
 Are in these days but poorly understood.
 Platonic love is at a great reduction,
 Some people say it never comes to good ;
 But that I think's the fault of their own vice,
 If they were better they would be more wise.

LVI.

'Twas midnight, and the lamp's subdued light
 Diffused a softened radiance o'er the room,
 The curtains barely veiled the silv'ry night
 And Luna's opal rays most softly came.
 The hour seemed strange to Juan's ear and sight,
 And lent to him a solemn gentle gloom ;
 And Juan's heart—it felt no actual fear,
 But something undefined and very near.

LVII.

The sky was almost starless and the wind
 Swept softly past the casement as he sat,
 With some strange shadow resting on his mind ;
 'Twas neither fear nor dread, he knew not what ;
 He tried to read, but he felt not inclined,
 And then to write, but he could not do that.
 Was that a sound?—no—yes—he strained his ear
 And through the tempered darkness tried to peer.

LVIII.

It *was* a sound, a soft, slow, gliding move,
 And coming nearer, nearer to his door !
 In vain, with his now rising dread, he strove ;
 His breath was hushed in still and speechless awe.
 What could it be, and oh ! what might it prove ?
 He heard the movement, yet he nothing saw ;
 He wondered much, but ere he could decide
 The footstep stopp'd at his door—just outside.

LIX.

The door was opening slowly, and a form
 Of seraph beauty, rob'd in spotless white,
 Advanced with noiseless steps into the room,
 As lovely as the visioned form of night.
 There, like a spirit 'midst a hallowed gloom,
 She moved, and he stood still in hushed delight ;
 He gave one long-drawn sigh, profound and deep,
 It was Aurora Raby, fast asleep.

LX.

Her soft blue eyes were fixed in their gaze,
 Her golden tresses clustered o'er her neck,
 As though to hide 'neath their luxuriant maze
 The treasures that her beauteous form did deck.
 He gazed, lost in his heart's ecstatic daze,
 His mind a chaos, and his thoughts a wreck,
 His flashing eyes, in joy deep, rich, and sweet,
 Watching the graceful motion of her feet.

LXI.

The white, soft, clinging robe of night she wore
 Veiled, but could not conceal, her matchless form,
 And seemed to hide, but to enhance the more,
 Her fine full limbs, fair, moulded perfect, warm.
 The marble shoulders, round and smooth, he saw,
 Her heaving breast, soft, white, yet high and firm—
 A living glowing statue, veiled in part,
 Yet lightly draped as by a sculptor's art.

LXII.

The moon through Juan's crimson curtains shed,
 A softened radiance o'er the silent room ;
 The halo hovered palely o'er the head,
 Of her who sweetly seemed to court her doom ;
 Wrapped in the spell which had impelled her tread
 To take her trusting heart and maiden form,
 Unto the one who held her heart enthralled,
 In love, tho' unconfessed yet uncontrolled.

LXIII.

She had kept her secret well from human sight,
 Though from the first her heart for him had yearned,
 And it had been her heart's most keen delight,
 To see her love by his was well returned ;
 She was too proud and modest to invite,
 Or give one sign by which he might have learned
 The passionate thought that brought her in that hour,
 Entranced, alone, and helpless in his power.

LXIV.

People had said he was a libertine,
 Yet, though his heart burned in its deepest fire,
 He had her form of grace half nude thus seen ;
 Without one single throb of rude desire.
 He watched in silence still her beauteous mien,
 Slowly, and gradually, drew a little nigher ;
 And fearing he might break the spell that bound her,
 He gently, softly, twined his arm around her.

LXV.

Then gently raising her —lest she should wake—
 He placed her softly on a velvet couch,
 And hid with delicate thought, for her sweet sake,
 The lovely form he scarce had dared to touch ;
 And then, though here his heart gave one wild quake,
 He kissed her lily hand—it was not much—
 Then, as she might arouse from out her dream,
 He pressed his lips to hers, lest she should scream.

LXVI.

And kneeling by her side he gazed with deep
 And fervent passion on her as she lay
 Calm, fair, and pure, locked in the mystic sleep ;
 Seeming too beauteous far for mortal clay,
 He felt he could in very fondness weep,
 And his deep sighs expressed what he would say.
 Till one long, clinging kiss her slumbers broke,
 She gave a startled cry, and then awoke.

LXVII.

Awoke to find her lover's arms around her,
 His noble head bent fondly o'er her brow,
 While he explained away her timid wonder ;
 In love's own dulcet voice so rich and low,
 In gentle tones, now reassuring fonder,
 Told her all her young heart could wish to know.
 And listening thus to what he had to tell,
 Both quite forgot they were " en dishabille."

LXVIII.

He drew her unresisting to his breast,
 It was too late for coyness or to chide,
 And their hearts' mutual beatings told the rest,
 Her maiden modesty, his lover's pride.
 They were alone, both young and each caressed
 The other very much, and then she cried ;
 So Juan, ever gentle, did not press her,
 But drew her to his heart, and more caressed her.



LXIX.

Although his blood was up, his brain on fire,
 He gently kissed away her glistening tears,
 But her soft eyes now flashed in warm desire ;
 And in her new-found longing lost her fears ;
 Her lips sought his, her breast was beating higher,
 They blended kisses all that love endears.
 Her lithe form thrilled in joy acute and deep,
 And shortly afterwards they went to sleep.

LXX.

The angels might have wept at such a fall,
 But if they weep at such they often may,
 I don't think that they ought to look at all,
 Or if they still weep turn another way.
 But if such people they do sinners call,
 The major part of men had better pray,
 So had the ladies—stop—that half line odd is,
 I mean for masculine souls and not their bodies.

LXXI.

Now let us raise the curtain and look down
 On those fond lovers, locked in one embrace,
 In rapture such as only love hath known,
 When life seems made of love, of joy, and grace.
 Their arms around each other's necks were thrown,
 Her velvet cheek pressed close to Juan's face,
 His crime was great, I know her sin was deep,
 But both were fond, and happy, and asleep.

LXXII.

The gentle reader will, no doubt, be shocked
 When I tell him—or her—her Grace had been
 To Juan's chamber-door and found it locked.
 And though she wanted sadly to go in,
 She dared not make a noise or would have knocke^r
 So to her own room she returned again,
 Though rather vicious, grave, and melancholy,
 And vowing vengeance deep for Juan's folly.

LXXIII.

And he, enfolded in Aurora's arms,
 Lay all unconscious of her Grace's visit ;
 Their senses wrapt in sleep's enthralling calms,
 Their love as boundless as it was illicit.
 His soul absorbed in her most beauteous charms,
 Her trust unto his love was most implicit ;
 They lay just like the children in the wood,
 And quite as loving, though not quite as good.

LXXIV.

How the heart pants in these long dreamy hours,
 With powerful love and deep delirious joy,
 When the warm blood is thick with passion's flowers,
 And e'en possession's bounty doth not cloy.
 And o'er our dream of bliss no darkness lowers,
 Life seems a golden sea without alloy,
 A long delirious sleep from which we wake
 To see our vision strike the earth—and break.

LXXV.

Then back to dust, to moulder and decay,
 The throbbing heart, the wild, majestic brain,
 To mingle with the cold and soulless clay,
 Never to live, to love, to ache again.
 Our depth of knowledge is that death one day
 Will end our dreams, ambition, joy, and pain,
 Then comes the mystery dark of where we go,
 And till we get there no one seems to know.

LXXVI.

Unless you enter into the spirit land,
 Where spirit knuckles rap, but you must tip
 A guinea into the medium's delicate hand,
 Then into the past or future you may dip.
 Whate'er you wish to know you will find planned
 Beneath the table if the foot don't slip,
 The purse you've missed, or wife, if you have lost her,
 You may regain by going to Mr. Foster.

LXXVII.

If you prefer a lady, Mrs. Marshall
 Will do as much and charge you something less;
 But let your heart be first in faith impartial,
 And be prepared your disgust to suppress,
 When you see what the ages dark surpass shall,
 Yet they would fain as sober truth impress.
 Their impious, puerile, worthless, barefaced sham,
 With which as mediums they the people cram.

LXXVIII.

The poor old wretch who, with the mystic card,
 Reveals the fates unto the housemaid Mary,
 Is sent to prison, perhaps with labour hard.

Yet noble dames, of their high blood so chary,
 Are not from their wise wizard thus debarred.

Though I don't see the difference, very clearly,
 Between the charlatan whom rank supports,
 And those who prowl in areas and in courts.

LXXIX.

Our hero's health improved with every day,
 His tread as firm as ever, his eyes as bright,

He seemed inclined his journey to delay,
 The Lady Caroline saw this with delight.

His melancholy, too, had passed away,
 His grief appeared to be forgotten quite.

His spirits were as joyous as of yore,
 His voice as rich and tender as before.

LXXX.

Where ignorance is bliss—you know the rest,
 They did not know the cause nor did they think.

Although her Grace had several doubts exprest,
 His safety hung but by a tender link.

There being no proof she did not dare molest,
 But yet he stood upon a dangerous brink.

For, lost in love, he had begun already,
 Much to neglect the duchess and the lady.

LXXXI.

A woman will bear much, but when a lover
 Forgets to pay the attention she expects,
 A deep and jealous rage is sure to move her,
 When she find both their love and honour wrecked..
 All save inconstancy they can look over,
 Forgetting their own conduct to dissect ;
 Their husband's trust and their own virtue lost—
 But lovers must be true, or pay the cost.

LXXXII.

The Lady Caroline thought perhaps her Grace
 For Juan's coldness to her was to blame,
 And in her dire intention found solace,
 If she should find her frail, to blast her name.
 While on her part if she should find a trace,
 Fitzfulke's sweet resolutions were the same ;
 Yet they in smiles their mutual hate did smother,
 Though each did each suspect and watch the other..

LXXXIII.

At length, by careful watching, they found out .
 Each other's love for Juan, and so far
 They went, as set suspicion past a doubt,
 And placed their power to ignore on a par.
 Though their wish for revenge was most devout,
 They had not yet broke into open war,
 But cherished in their hearts their vengeance deep,,
 Determined to pay all " at one fell *sweep*."

LXXXIV.

It should be "*swoop*," only that would not do
 To rhyme with deep, so I the other put.
 This verse is rather tiresome to get through,
 'Tis sometimes hard to get a word to suit.
 The fact is, poets want a language new ;
 The old one's used up, every branch and root,
 And often ideas cross the imagination
 To which mere words can scarce give explanation.

LXXXV.

Each kept the secret for her own dear sake,
 And Juan did not know that either knew it ;
 He never cared at all "a scene" to make,
 But if they liked to, why, he let them do it.
 They each now thought him a most dreadful rake,
 And hated *him*, but did not like to show it.
 That may seem strange, but there may be a cause :
 Perhaps they had shown him too much as it was.

LXXXVI.

The mind, however pure, is prone to pleasure,
 And pleasure's keenest touch is found in vice ;
 And when you once have drank the smallest measure,
 The soul yields softly to the heart's advice ;
 Though 'tis at best a sort of phantom treasure—
 'Tis sad experience maketh me thus wise.
 But when the heart is thrilled in love's sensation,
 We are blind unto our soul's most deep damnation.

LXXXVII.

'Twas thus with Juan, seeming lost to all
 The world, in his last deep and fervent love,
 And in the present cared not to recall
 The many hearts that he had caused to move
 In love's most honeyed path or bitter gall ;
 His mind as yet had not begun to rove.
 He was contented—happy—and Aurora
 Was happy, too—and perhaps a little more-a.

LXXXVIII.

There is a thrilling, deep, ecstatic joy
 In living lost to all the world but one,
 When pleasure's chalice drained hath no alloy,
 And each new dawn is but a dream begun :
 A dream of sateless love which doth not cloy,
 Of deep and burning passions, only known
 By those whose life seems drawn but with one breath ;
 When love is more than life and more than death.

LXXXIX.

The bright, fair dream of pure, unsullied youth,
 When boyhood's heart is full of gushing faith,
 And woman seems all loveliness and truth,
 Till the rude world dispels the fairy wreath,
 And manhood gradual brings the dawning growth
 Of passion, almost lust, that strengthens with
 The legal tie—then love goes to its grave,
 And man the master turns—woman the slave.

XC.

Some linger on for years in their dull dream
 Of sensual joy, unsated by possession,
 Until the love of lust at last doth seem
 A custom, with the zest of repetition.
 At length they *use* them, ay, without a gleam
 Of joy—all sense destroyed by sheer repletion;
 And love's pure link becomes an iron fetter—
 That matters not, they're wed—for worse or better.

XCI.

Her Grace Fitzfulke at last was growing warm
 In jealousy, in finding Juan colder.
 At length she broke into a perfect storm
 Of rage with Lady Caroline, and she told her
 Of what she knew, and threatened to do harm;
 And Lady Caroline grew incensed and bolder,
 And words on words in fire and wrath arose,
 Until at last they parted—mortal foes.

XCII.

Had it not been for their fierce passions' heat,
 They would have seen they were not quite alone,
 But poor Sir Henry's ears had been thus greet
 With tidings such as he had never known.
 The words that came from their raised voices sweet,
 Seemed now to turn his tortured heart to stone;
 And when at length they parted, and were gone,
 He felt himself wronged, stricken, and forlorn.

XCH.

A lion raging hungrily for blood,
 A panther bound, and panting to be free,
 A tyrant king, who sees his power withstood,
 Is not more fierce or dangerous than he
 Whose honour being the rock on which he stood,
 Finds it engulfed in foul dishonour's sea.
 Thus felt Sir Henry, as he stood alone,
 His proud name wrecked, his life-dream broken—gone.

XCIV.

His blood was roused, and then he wished to slay
 His guilty wife and her as guilty lover ;
 But pride and etiquette stood in his way,
 So with his friends he calmly talked it over.
 They said that as his wife could thus betray
 Her husband's love, and thus unworthy prove her,
 He'd better sue at once for a divorce,
 And shoot her lover, as the proper course.

XCV.

His friend Lord Glyde agreed to be his second,
 And to our hero took an invitation,
 Polite and terse, the terms precise and reckoned,
 To be responded without hesitation ;
 To have his journey to the next world quickened,
 By this unpleasant mode of recreation ;
 And have a bullet put into his head,
 Unless he sent one through his foe instead.

XCVI.

The meeting-place arranged was "Wormwood Scrubs,"

Where Juan was to pay for his detraction,
And have a bullet perforate his "subs"

A most delightful mode of satisfaction ;
And then be food for little nasty grubs :

It was, in short, a rather sweet attraction.
But 'tis the way of life—the rise and wane,
The pleasure first, and then the damned pain

XCVII.

Poor Juan, when he saw the case was known,

Had taken leave of his most grieved Aurora,
And posted off with his best speed to town,

While she, poor girl, was lost in tender sorrow ;
Her love, though she knew all, no less had grown,

And she prepared to follow on the morrow.
But "morrow, and to-morrow goes away,"
"So creeps this petty pace from day to day."

XCVIII.

That's a quotation. How I like to quote—

It seems to come so pat and apropos ;

How thankful we should be that Shakespeare wrote,

Or any other author that we know ;

Because they help us out, and may denote

The meaning clear that we might fail to show.

In me the poets have had ardent passenger,

I've been through Congreve, Otway, Colman, Massinger

XCIX.

Our hero saw at once that he was "cut,"
 It don't take long to see a friend is cool;
 He did not care for that an atom, but
 The gentlemen had called him worse than fool.
 The ladies called *him* wretch, and *her* a slut,
 And kindness was th' exception, not the rule.
 Society was closed to him, but he
 Cared not a straw for all society.

C.

He took things with his usual nonchalance,
 He dined with gusto, and enjoyed his port,
 Then went into the opera, saw the dance,
 And there was for a moment rather caught
 By one fair demoiselle of la belle France,
 And really felt much warmer than he ought;
 But then they dance so graceful, dress so light,
 And look so charming, that—eh! well—all right.

CI.

The "Ballet" is a dangerous institution,
 For who the demon can observe unmoved?
 Each lithe, agile, and bounding evolution
 Of forms a sculptor might have carved and loved,
 Without a sort of inward revolution,
 Which can't be helped though it must be reprov'd.
 The beauties rich their style of dress exposes,
 Would rouse the devil in the heart of Moses.

CII.

Even in the private ball, or select dance,
 There is a fascination sweet and vicious ;
 The sense seems lost in vague and dreamy trance,
 The contact is delightful and delicious.
 The music and the motion but enhance
 The thrilling pleasure that is half suspicious ;
 While the heart glows with thoughts it does not form,
 Or else, perhaps 'twould lead us into harm.

CIII.

Perhaps the ladies feel the same as we do,
 I only say "perhaps," but this I know,
 There is such grace in everything that they do,
 We must forgive them, though they bring us woe..
 And waltzing, blushing, sinning, loving may do,
 There is no saying *what* it prompts us to,
 And though I blame I like to take my chance in
 The pleasures and the sins that come of dancing.

CIV.

But to return—our hero took the cartel,
 And with his friend, Fred Clinton, of the Guards,
 Who was a gentleman and soldier martial,
 The time arriving, they set off towards
 The "Scrubs," and there they met in terms impartial.
 Polite and polished in their kind regards.
 The ground was measured and they took their places,
 Then turned and looked into each other's faces.

CV.

Each held a fatal weapon in his hand ;
 Sir Henry levelled his at Juan's heart,
 Who did erect and graceful calmly stand,
 As though there were no cause for fear to start ;
 But cool, and with his usual self-command,
 Prepared to go through his allotted part.
 Both paused, and of their seconds took farewell ;
 Each fired at word, and Juan reeled and fell.

CVI.

A moment since, and he had stood erect
 In youthful beauty, hope, and glowing life ;
 Then, ere the brain could think or recollect,
 An instant's space—the shaft of mortal strife
 Had dashed him like a helpless vessel wrecked,
 While yet his heart with life and love was rife.
 He lay there still and pallid on the sod,
 And Clinton said, “ He's hit ; he's hit—by God ! ”

CVII.

Sir Henry gazed upon him as he lay,
 With mournful sternness blended in his look,
 As the rich tide of life flowed fast away ;
 Then knelt, and Juan's hand he gently took,
 And said, “ It was a debt you had to pay ;
 I did not seek it, and I could not brook
 The deep dishonour you to me have done,
 For which no blood of yours could e'er atone.”

CVIII.

"I had *one* thought—my honour and my pride,
 'Twas all I cared for, and 'twas all I knew.
 I loved and cherished well my chosen bride,
 And doubted not that she at least was true.
 Nor did I dream such ill could e'er betide
 The sin—my wrong—her crime was shared by you ;
 Yet had *your* bullet pierced my tortured brain,
 It were not racked, as now, with endless pain.

CIX.

"What now is left me, whither can I turn,
 Where now my pride, ambition, pomp, or state?
 The damning thought, that gaping fools must learn
 The shadow which hath fallen on my fate,
 Seems like a thousand horrors here to burn
 In agony that time can never sate.
 All now is wrecked, and here I stand, alone,
 My proud name blasted, and my life-dream gone,"

CX.

He ceased, and pale with sorrow strode away,
 In bitterness and stern regret to brood,
 Leaving our hero senseless on the clay,
 Where Clinton and Lord Glyde much puzzled stood ;
 Until at length Fred Clinton said, "I say,
 I don't think standing here is any good ;
 This poor fellow lies here upon the heath,
 Insensible and bleeding fast to death.



CXI.

"Let's take him to some cottage near at hand ;
 I'll bind his wound up ; slightly raise his head.
 That's right. I hope he's not gone to the land
 Of promise ; no—by Jove, he's nearly dead.
 I wish we had some damned enchanter's wand,
 Which would direct us where to turn our tread."
 "There is an inn," said Glyde. Said Clinton, "Where ?
 All right ; now raise him gently ; that's it—there."

CXII.

No mother moves her babe more tenderly
 Than these two men of fashion did the form
 Of Juan, to the inn that stood close by,
 For they had hearts of gold and feeling warm,
 Though much their outward seeming might bely,
 And Juan's suffering acted like a charm.
 The Inn was reached with slow and cautious tread,
 And Juan was disrobed, and put to bed.

CXIII.

A surgeon then was sent for, and he came,
 And felt our hero's pulse, and shook his head—
 (His own, not Juan's), and Clinton did the same.
 The doctor looked mysterious, then he said
 The case was much too serious to name,
 And not much hope, and everything to dread.
 He scanned the wound, and then looked wondrous wise,
 And said, "If that ball don't come out, he dies."

CXIV.

"Well," said Fred Clinton, "why the devil don't you,
 Extract it, now, and not delay about it?"
 "Ah!" said the surg'on, sagely, "that won't do;
 He is so weak, the issue I much doubt it.
 I will with caution first his symptoms view,
 And see what by his pulse may be denoted,
 And if I find his strength will take him through it,
 Though 'tis a serious matter, I will do it."

CXV.

The surgeon really was a man of skill,
 And had a most extensive reputation;
 More patients he'd been known to cure than kill.
 He knew his science, and each variation
 In all the record vast of human ill,
 And could perform a marvellous operation.
 So after some brief time for thought and rest,
 He rose, prepared to mangle Juan's breast.

CXVI.

The ball had lodged just under Juan's shoulder,
 Two inches and a quarter from his heart,
 Or else he had not lived to be much older,
 For it was nearly in a vital part.
 Here Juan's face grew several phases colder,
 As neath the probe he seemed to writhe and smart.
 The doctor calm his agony did view,
 And said it was a sign of coming to.

CXVII.

The perspiration stood on Juan's brow,
 As once or twice the bullet slightly shifted ;
 He felt the pain, yet scarcely seemed to know
 What they were doing, as his head was lifted ;
 And once he murmured something very low,
 It was a name, (so said the doctor gifted).
 And that name was " Aurora," without doubt,
 And here he drew the bullet safely out.

CXVIII.

Her Grace had heard with deep and fervent sorrow,
 The work of mischief in which she'd a share ;
 But as she got a lover on the morrow,
 Beyond the scandal, she had nought to care.
 The case was not so light to fair Aurora ;
 She heard the tidings in a hush'd despair,
 And in his danger thought not of the rest,
 But longed to lay his head upon her breast.

CXIX.

He'd erred, 'twas true, but 'twas not hers to blame,
 Forgotten in her love was all her wrong ;
 Her heart clung to her lover still the same,
 Each moment's absence seemed a year too long.
 She dreamed no sin, and saw no cause for shame,
 Her love was deep—her pure devotion strong ;
 He was her lover, she his promised bride,
 And the next day saw her by Juan's side.

CXX.

It was *her* hand that soothed his restless pillow,
 Her warm love-lips that kissed his fevered brow,
 Her fragile barque was cast on his life's billow,
 She never knew her depth of love till now.
 She clung to him e'en as the sapling willow
 Clings to the root from whence its branches grow.
 Her soul was his ; her life hung on his breath,
 He was her faith, and stronger far than death.

CXXI.

The world might blame, and slander's venom'd tongue
 Would seek in vain to pierce her gentle breast ;
 His danger was the pain her heart that wrung.
 So that he lived she cared not for the rest ;
 As clings the ivy to the oak she clung,
 His love her only hope, her one request ;
 And he was faithful now, dear, fervent, true,
 'Twas all she wished to know, and all she knew.

CXXII.

Her lover rallied slowly and apace ;
 She saw him growing stronger day by day,
 She watched the life come back into his face,
 And oft would for his safety kneel and pray.
 It seemed to bring her heart a calm solace,
 And raise a gentle, sweet, and hopeful ray,
 And oft she would in fondness o'er him weep,
 And watch with depthless love our hero's sleep.

CXXIII.

If e'er his heart had glowed with grateful love,
 It was while watching her fair, graceful form,
 And inwardly he vowed as kind to prove,
 As he had found her pure devotion warm.
 Their hearts were blended, closely interwove,
 There in the stillness of that silent room,
 Where to restore him back to life she'd striven,
 With all the love he gave, and all she'd given.

CXXIV.

He'd lie for hours, watching her sweet face,
 And listen to her low and gentle voice,
 While every look seemed to reveal some grace,
 Some feature winning, or expression choice ;
 Or else locked closely in a fond embrace,
 While their hearts would with mutual love rejoice,
 Until—and perhaps he was to be commended—
 He *liked* being ill, because she there attended.

CXXV.

How sweet to gaze into the soft blue eye
 Whose gentle love-light beams for thee alone,
 And press the dewy lips so tenderly,
 Or dream the happy hours that have flown,
 When love's low voice has told eloquently
 Of depthless soul devotion all your own.
 'Tis such long love-dreams that the heart does glad ;
 I have known such, and don't you wish you had ?

CXXVI.

Now, whether 'twas the doctor, nurse, or what
 The influence may have been, I do not know,
 But Juan was recovering, and got
 Beyond all danger, while the usual flow
 Of happy spirits was returned, and not
 A trace seemed left of sickness or of woe ;
 And wonder not, for in indisposition,
 There's nought like lady love for a physician.

CXXVII.

Now to the Lady Caroline. She had lost
 Home, husband, name, in her mistaken love ;
 A sweet indulgence, but a fearful cost ;
 For suffering so near to crime doth move,
 That when the pleasure's much the pain is most,
 The pleasure's brief, and then the heart is clove
 By agonised remorse—but all too late ;
 Such is the stern decree of earthly fate.

CXXVIII.

Her husband's pride had spared her the deep shame
 Of being dragged before the tribunal
 Of public trial, for he held his name,
 Though slurred, too sacred thus to brand her fall ;
 But rather let her after-life reclaim
 The error that was now beyond recall.
 He left his native land afar to roam,
 And she returned unto her parent's home.

CXXIX.

He lived in weary solitude alone,
 No tender love to sooth his life's decline ;
 A heart like his could only beat for one,
 And that one lost, the love-light ceased to shine ;
 The glorious fabric of his life was gone—
 The one rude shock broke down the golden line.
 And now he lived as though accursed of fate,
 Soul-crushed and spirit-broken, desolate.

CXXX.

A voluntary exile from the land
 Where wealth and high position were his own,
 Thus, yielding kindred, friends, and State command,
 To keep his name and misery unknown.
 Afar from fashion's shallow, heartless band,
 Who seemed with gall his o'erfull cup to crown,
 By their slow, torturing pity, which doth seem
 A tedious mockery to a shattered dream.

CXXXI.

This all the dire effect of one false move,
 A manhood's broken life, a woman's shame,
 Thus withered by the fire of lawless love,
 And nearly ending Juan's life and name.
 The cause his graceful form and bearing saved,
 Which often brought him bliss and spiteful blame.
 And having got so far we'll say farewell
 Of all save Juan, who was now quite well.

CXXXII.

Save Juan, and those with whom he has to do.

I like to like to let the story softly flow,
And keep it clear and lucid unto you ;

Though sometimes I from out the track may go,
'Tis only when I feel it is your due,

To tell you that which you may wish to know,
And then to moralise is my fort —
&c., &c., and c.t.c.

CXXXIII.

Aurora Raby was an orphan ward,

Her special guardian was the Chancellor
(To which I think he added "High," and "Lord) ;"

An unctuous, hot, and plausible old fellow,
Who seized a chance whene'er a chance occurred,

To sell a favour where he might be seller ;
He held Aurora's fortune in his keeping,
And from the interest something sweet was reaping.

CXXXIV.

He'd several friends, and several friends of others,

Who had been watching sweet Aurora's age,
Some fortune hunters, and intriguing mothers,

Who tried her hand and fortune to engage,
As something good for heirs and younger brothers,

Their needy pomp and creditors to suage ;
And all these cursed Don Juan and their fate,
When thus they saw that they had come too late.

CXXXV.

Our hero to the Chancellor applied,
 To grant Aurora Raby's hand in marriage ;
 His lordship nearly went, with rage, beside
 Himself, and posted down with speed in carriage,
 To Juan and his fair unwedded bride ;
 And then a war of words began to wage,
 For Juan told his lordship, without doubt,
 If he would not consent they'd do without.

CXXXVI.

His lordship swore and threatened, but in vain ;
 Juan was firm, and would not yield one jot.
 He said he'd take Aurora off to Spain,
 The Chancellor swore as loudly he should not,
 And bullied at our hero might and main,
 Until he saw he had a Tartar got.
 For Juan said that if the only cause
 Was want of age, he'd keep her till she was.

CXXXVII.

The Chancellor was puzzled, for he saw
 Juan was firm, and would not let her go.
 Her person was not governed by the law,
 So what to do he really didn't know.
 He saw that she was gliding from his maw,
 Which made his lordship's spirits rather low,
 So he entreated ; Juan would not waver,
 Although her guardian said he should not have her

CXXXVIII.

And left our hero in a towering heat,
 Who did a hearty laugh behind his back,
 And watched his lordship's carriage down the street,
 Then orders gave his luggage all to pack ;
 And made arrangements for departure fleet,
 Unto his native land, once more to track ;
 Because his name in Albion was too hot,
 For he'd a shocking reputation got.

CXXXIX.

You know, with very little variation,
 We are a people chaste, and moral, too—
 A virtuous, pious, model, Christian nation—
 That is, if all that we are told is true.
 Yet sometimes there's a deal of consternation.
 When things come into light that people do.
 Then everybody throws a mighty stone,
 Forgetting they've a glass house of their own.

CXL.

And then, you see—well, never mind at present ;
 'Twill be in introduction, next canto.
 This one is now becoming evanescent,
 Because there's nothing more for me to do,
 Until our hero should have reached the crescent,
 Or street, or square where I have sent him to.
 Then Juan's strange career will on again,
 Beneath the glowing sky of sunny Spain :

CXLI.

The land of love, and warm impulsive grace,
 Of wild and lonely valleys, and of knives ;
 The land of splendid form, and starlit face,
 Where maidenhood is scarce, and few are wives ;
 Where love goes at a most alarming pace,
 And mistresses are dearer far than lives.
 The land of lovely limb and thrilling breast ;—
 But these are topics I must not molest.

CXLII.

Oh, why were we like Otway's Jaffair born,
 With soul of love, and heart of wild desire ?
 Yet live beneath a veil that must be worn,
 To hide the deep and quenchless, ardent fire,
 That never will, while heart doth beat, be torn ;
 But let us rather by its heat expire.
 Then keep our hearts' wild throbbings hushed and still,
 For we must love or die, and love we will.

CXLIH.

The heart will leap to see the flashing eye,
 And pant to press the form of pliant grace,
 In thrilling fervour, deep, yet tenderly,
 Or revel on a bright and winning face,
 Soft, glowing with the passion they deny,
 Whilst lingering fondly in a long embrace,
 When heart to heart doth beat, and closely lie
 In joy so deep, 'tis almost agony.

CXLIV.

Don Juan sailed away from Albion's shore ;
 He'd had enough of England for a time,
 And with Aurora he returned, once more,
 Unto his native land, whose genial chime
 'Twas suited better to such hearts as were
 Too warm with Britain's sombre sky to clime ;
 And while the gallant barque doth onward steer,
 We will prepare to follow his career.

CXLV.

He'd borne away a record, sweet and sad,
 And longing hearts thought of his graceful form,
 And while they somewhat blamed him, wished they had
 A share in his heart's wild impulses, warm,
 And tender liquid eyes shone, softened, glad,
 While musing o'er the strange, magnetic charm,
 That seemed to draw them on as with a spell,
 And some sweet ladies wished they'd more to tell.

CXLVI.

The memory of the absent hath a strange,
 And soft, subduing influence on the soul,
 And lingers e'en amid the weary change
 Of time's slow tread, and silent, onward roll,
 And so felt Juan's friends, whose thoughts would range
 Back to the winsome stranger's gentle thrail,
 He'd done some wrong—some work most sad—and yet
 They could not think of him without regret.

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